

In Troy to take on the scenery and baggage of James J. Corbett's show, and again inflated 46 took the right of way, and started on with its burden of sleeping souls.

It spun on with all speed through the dumb hours that came before the dawn. The river villages slumbered as it swept through them. The black signals told off the distances with mechanical precision. The track was right as a trivet.

It was twenty-three minutes of 6 when Fireman Tompkins saw at his belt rope and the clanging announced the passing of Garrison's station.

The doom was at hand. Two miles, or a little less, below the town, there is a great curve, where the river's eddying has cut out a mighty mouthful from the hills that overlook it.

They call it Corbin's Basin. For years it has been known to Central engineers as a danger spot, and always the track hands have been pottering away there, bracing up the loose, uncemented retaining wall which guards the made ground on which the track is laid from the eroding action of the river.

This was the spot marked for the scene of ruin and death. The deep channel here bends close in shore. Under the very shadow of the steepers there are seventy feet of water, and the high tides which for days and weeks have made talk among the river men had eaten into the slimy underpinning silently but strongly. Workmen had been at work upon the wall within the last few days. Their work was of no avail. If the railroad company's theory of what caused the horror is the true one, though an hour before a heavy train had passed over this same spot in safety and its crew had received no warning of danger lurking there.

There may have been a rail spread. Some among the throng which hung all day about the scene of disaster say it was so.

rack in the smoking compartment, seized an axe and chopped a hole in the wood-work. Through this he and his two mates clambered to the top of the car. After them went the two Chinamen—the only ones of all their company who escaped.

From their perch on the roof, where they were helping out whom they could, they heard the frantic cries of the wretches perished in the day coach and the sleepers astern, which still hung to the steeply sloping shore.

Only three of the six sleepers, the Glen Alpine, Hermes and Nobe, had left the rails. The coupling breaking with the strain had left the others, with the battered Rochester car Diana at their head, standing safe at the other side of the cavernous gap where the track had given way.

The porters and the few half-naked passengers who rushed out from the cars on shore watched in the fog-dimmed, gray morning light the fearful scene which lay before them. They saw Conductor Parrish and his brakeman standing on the tops of the half-sunken cars, and helping the imprisoned ones to scramble from the windows.

They saw Ackert, and Shaw and Smith working away on the rescue of people from the day coach. They saw the shattered glass fly from the sleeping car windows and men and women clambering out in scant raiment and clutching their valuables in the mad hope of saving them.

There were men swimming in the swift running tide water and helping along their fellows who could not swim. There were boats, coming as swift as cars could bring them, from the lazy craft which were creeping up river through the morning mist.

The early batmen on these vessels were the sole eye witnesses of the heavy train's leap to destruction.

Awful hours followed. People came



Arrival of Survivors on the First Train That Reached the Grand Central Depot.

An enormous throng had assembled at the depot long before the train arrived, but the police kept them back. Four women were among the survivors. They simply wore blankets over their night clothing, and were half carried by willing hands to waiting carriages. The surviving men walked in bare feet on the cold depot stones.

THE DEAD.

REILLY, THOMAS, aged about 50, of No. 2860 Wisconsin avenue, St. Louis, drowned.
GREEN, E. A., aged 25, of Chicago; drowned.
MEYER, W. H. G., of Passaic, N. J.
FAYLE, JOHN C., the engineer, aged 58, of East Albany.
TOMPKINS, JOHN, the fireman, aged 30, of East Albany.
PAGUANA, GUISEPPE, Albion, N. Y.
WILLIAMS, SAMUEL, Buffalo, N. Y.
Two Women, unidentified.
Eight Chinamen, unidentified.
BECKER, W. S., Newark, Wayne Co., N. Y.
Man, supposed to be named Matthews, from Cold Springs, N. Y.
McKAY, A. G., Stenographer to Superintendent Van Etten.

INJURED.

SMITH, JOHN, of Buffalo; cut over right eye, and bruised.
FLOOD, JOHN, of Stockport, N. Y.; cut on forehead and contusions.
BUCHANAN, CHARLES H., of 415 West 47th Street, this city; head cut.
RYAN, JOHN E., of Jersey City; four fingers nearly severed; Peekskill Hospital.
MORGAN, CLARENCE, of New York; fractured clavicle; Peekskill Hospital.
PARRISH, E. O., the conductor; slightly injured.
CLING GWAN HUNG, of Mott street, this city; severe scalp wound.
CHINAMAN, unknown; internal injuries; may die; Peekskill Hospital.
CHINAMAN, unknown; forearm fractured; Peekskill Hospital.

MISSING.

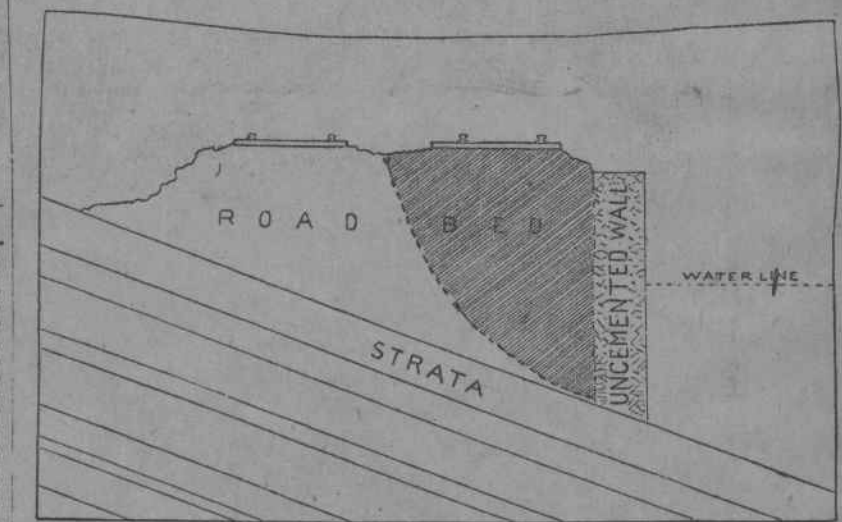
WILLIAM C. SNEAD, of Lynchburg, Va.; friend says he was on the train.

trucks were dragging the wooden bodies of the coaches under the surface, and the train was steadily slipping out to where the water was fifty feet deep. Couplings broke and two cars floated out in the stream—the day coach and the express car. Through broken windows men swarmed out into the water, attired in their sleeping clothes, and waded to the bank.

When the train left the track, Ackert and Shaw were thrown to one side of the baggage car and then back again, while

some of the passengers in the rear sleepers. A bridge of ties was made by which the rescued were carried to the bank from the cars.

Mangled, bleeding bodies were pulled from the "Glen Alpine." One man, with his arm crushed, was dragged to the bank by the rescuers and wrapped in a blanket. He died in the hands of those who were attending to his wants. Out of the combination coach appeared a man swimming. He reached the bank, pulled himself to a



Gross Section of the Roadbed Where the Wreck Occurred.

The shaded portion of the picture marks that part of the roadbed that gave way and slipped into the Hudson. The water gradually undermined the track, carrying away the soil with every tide. The interstices between the stones of the protecting wall were not filled with cement, thus permitting the water to penetrate the roadbed.

trunks, boxes and valises bombarded them. They felt the crash into the water, and made frantic efforts to get out of the door, but the day coach behind was piled against it. When the coupling broke and the express car floated away, the combination coach was wrenched loose from the day coach, and the rear truck—the one under the baggage car—was torn from its fastenings. The front end of the car sank slowly, dragged down by the remaining truck, while the other end arose. Ackert seized an axe and began to cut his way through the door of the car. A part of the partition between the baggage and smoker ends had been shattered by the flying trunks, and Ackert and Shaw heard, as they worked away desperately, the jabbering cries of the Chinamen, who were imprisoned like rats in a trap. When they climbed through the opening they had finally succeeded in making in the door, all was still in the compartment where the Chinamen had been save for a faint gurgling sound as of one choking near where the partition had been broken.

Conductor Parrish, slightly injured, was the first to leave the cars. He was followed by his brakemen and two colored porters. The sleeping car conductors were the next out, and this little band, joined by Shaw and Ackert, went to work to rescue those imprisoned in the submerged cars. From the sleepers which remained on the track they secured axes and other wrecking tools. The passengers who had been fortunate enough to occupy berths in these cars swarmed out, scantily attired, and assisted in the work of rescue. Smith, the expressman, was taken out of his car unconscious as it was floating away from the rest of the train.

Attention was first paid to the sleepers, for the reason that they were partially out of the water and there was room on them for work. The day coach was entirely submerged, while Shaw assured the rescuers that all were undoubtedly dead in the combination car.

Taken from the Sleepers.

Men ran down the line of sleeping cars, which were lying on their sides and, smashing the exposed windows with axes, dragging out whoever they could reach. After the first crash there was no much excitement. The passengers worked heroically with the crew and it was soon announced that all the passengers from the two rear sleepers had been accounted for. The entire force of the rescuers was now centered on the forward sleeper. On the bank the rescued were taken care of by

safe place, took a long draught from a bottle of whiskey and then clambered out to help the rescuers. The whiskey he turned over to one of the survivors, and it was distributed among the shivering throng on the bank.

Just then came along a passenger train



There is implanted in every man a love of life strong enough to make him tremble and kneel before death when he thoroughly recognizes its approach. Trouble with men is that they do not recognize death unless it comes in some violent or rapid form. Consumption kills more men than wars, famines, plagues and accidents, but its approach is insidious, and men do not realize that they are in its clutch. While consumption is a germ disease, the bacilli will not invade sound and healthy lungs. The lungs must first be in a diseased condition.

First a man feels a little out of sorts. Probably he is overworked and has given too little time to eating, sleeping and resting. His appetite falls off. His digestion gets out of order and his blood does not receive the proper amount of life-giving nutriment. The liver becomes torpid and the blood is filled with impurities. These are pumped into every organ of the body, building up unhealthy, half-dead tissues. The most harm is done at the weakest spot, and most frequently that spot is in the lungs. A slight cold leads to inflammation, the bacilli invade the lungs and we have a case of consumption.

Ninety-eight per cent. of all cases of consumption are cured by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It is the great blood-maker and flesh-builder. It restores the lost appetite, makes the digestion perfect, invigorates the liver, purifies the blood, builds new and healthy flesh and drives out all impurities and disease germs. It cures weak lungs, spitting of blood, obstinate coughs and kindred ailments. No honest druggist will recommend a substitute.

Mrs. Ursula Dunham, of Sistersville, Tyler Co., W. Va., writes: "I had a pain in my side all the time, and but little appetite and grew very thin. The 'Golden Medical Discovery' promptly cured the pain, restored my appetite and increased my weight."

hurry from far and near, and lent what help they could to the desperate labor of rescue. Little by little the crowd on the banks grew. Women who had been brought off half clad from the partially submerged sleepers Hermes and Nobe, and the Glen Alpine, which was lost to view entirely, faltered when they knew they were saved, and were bundled in blankets and put to bed in the other cars.

One after another the trains which had given the place of death to forty-six came up, and aboard them, too, the survivors of the wreck were taken for shelter. The gathering of the saved grew steadily. Bruised, spent, bleeding, they made their way to the shore.

Glimping to the jagged rocks off the shore was a man, dying and screaming to men who could not reach him, begging them to put an end to his suffering. His left arm was torn from its socket. Both his legs were broken. The people cried to him to hold on. At last a boat from a tug which had halted in its journey up the river came and took him off and brought him to land. Then his strength all left him. In less than half an hour he was dead and his body lay covered with a sleeping car blanket on the bank where the train had left the track.

Surgeons came from the neighboring towns. Injured men and women were taken away to neighboring hospitals. And then the sad procession to the city began.

Journal reporters tell below all the thrilling details of the disaster and the stories of its survivors. By the light of lanterns and flaring torches, all through the night, the work of search for the dead and missing has gone on.

How far the engine sped in its flight to the dark waters, no one knew. It was a long way, for the cars which it dragged behind it swept clear of the bank, and crashed one upon another as the river engulfed them.

A crash, a roar, a thunder, that shook the hills and echoed for miles up and down the Hudson. It woke the sleeping passengers. Some of them had, in truth, been awake for an hour, remarking to one another the awful speed at which they were being whirled onward.

Hurled from their seats and from berths in their sleepers, they knew in that awful instant what had happened. Those who were awake heard, above all the thunder of the wreck and the rushing of the waters, wild screams of terror which will live in their memories while they live.

The express car, haled on by the engine's strength, and as that waned, driven by the mighty weight of the train behind it, measured its length again and again before it disappeared in ruin. Behind it the combination smoker and baggage car, running rear foremost, went under. In the smoking compartment huddled the Chinamen, a dozen of them. For a minute, and little more, they chattered in terror. Then the waters poured in on them, and, save two who fought their way out at the heels of three of the trainmen, all were lost.

In the baggage car section of the car William Shaw, agent of Westcott's Express; Ackert, the baggage man, and John Smith, the expressman, were talking. The lunch bucket then heaved, and the piles of baggage falling every which way pinned them as it fell. With strength which fight lent them, they battled their way out.

Shaw, who is sturdy, rushed to the foot

Do You Want to Live? If you are suffering from any of the following ailments, write to E. J. Brown, 371 Broadway, N. Y.

and are not far apart in the journey across the State and down the Hudson River Valley.

When the train left Albany, at 3:15 o'clock Sunday morning, it was made up of engine No. 872—one of the largest and handsomest, and fastest on the road—an express car, a combination baggage and smoking car, a day coach and six Wagner sleepers. The sleepers were in this order following the day coach: First, the "Glen Alpine," from Buffalo, with fifteen passengers; second, the "Hermes," from Niagara Falls, with thirteen passengers; third, the "Nobe," from Toronto, with five passengers; and fourth and fifth, the "Diana" and the "Anita," from Rochester and Canandaigua, respectively. The rear sleeper was from Montreal and was attached at Albany. At Albany, also, the train took on nine Chinamen, who were being smuggled in from Montreal. They boarded the smoker. Besides the nine Chinamen there were one or two other passengers in the smoker and the passengers in the day coach numbered about twenty.

The train was manned by E. O. Parrish, conductor; John C. Foyle, engineer; John Tompkins, fireman; Charles Breckon, and J. H. Drake, sleeping car conductors, and F. J. Brown and J. H. Drake, brakemen. Baggage man Ackert was in charge of the

baggage car and at Poughkeepsie he was joined by William Shaw, an agent of the Westcott Express Company, of this city, who had met the train with the intention of collecting baggage checks from the passengers. The express messenger was John Smith.

There was a peculiarity in the make-up of the train that is doubtless responsible for the deaths of the Chinamen in the smoker, and for the rescue of Ackert and Shaw. Generally a combination car is run with the baggage and toward the engine, but in this case the car was reversed. The passenger end of the car was in front, with the baggage end opening upon the day coach.

A Mist Hung Over the Track. When the train swung through Garri-sons at 5:37, fifty miles out of New York, the gray of the dawn was just showing through the trees and a damp mist from the river covered the track. The baggage man and Shaw were conversing in the baggage car, and the other members of the train crew were attending to their duties in various parts of the train. The passengers with few exceptions were asleep.

Two miles below Garri-sons the train ran out of a low cut into a straight stretch of track about half a mile in length. The rays from the headlight glimmering through the mist illuminated the track for rods ahead, and to the eyes of the men at the throttle the rails on the west, or outside track, upon which the train was running, were as strong and true as a road-

of "Wants" in yesterday's Sunday Journal "Want" Supplement. A gain of 1.192 "Wants" over the same Sunday last year.



Engineer John C. Foyle Killed in the Wreck of His Locomotive.